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THE WAYFARER'S GARLAND

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FRED BERESFORD

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THE WAYFARER'S GARLAND

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Songs and Pastoral Pieces

BY

FRED BERESFORD

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
1907

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HALF the goodness stays behind, when a gift is bestowed: that joy in the gift, which is in the bestowal: it remains with the giver. For this reason, beloved fellow traveller, I cannot give you what I would. Yet as fragrance soon passes, and must be enjoyed while it lingers, therefore be complaisant. Pause in your repining at the slow going of the hours, the dreariness of the days, and the length of life: take this, and if you can please yourself with it, during one short hour of your journey, much good will to you for that: you will commend yourself more than commend me.

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Contents

	PAGE
Mottoes	9
The incredulous Fair ; or, The vain Suit	10
Battis and Thyrsis	12
"Leave, idle Girl, these Fantasies"	13
"Do you think because you've Beauty"	14
"I would not look on her again"	15
Sonnets	16
"Who hungers, who thirsts, who lacks Repose"	20
"The Flowers are withered all away"	21
"Opens her Door the Earth"	22
To the dead Youth Daphnis	23
Patient's Song	25
Enna's Song	26
"I to you send Celandine"	27
"Ye wooded Walks"	28
"Ladies admired"	29
Robin	30
The Road	31
"Old Times are dead"	33
The Leaf	34
In July	41
Hyades	46
The Lady on her Defence	50

Mottoes

At haughty aspect
  Love is too easily put down,
Disheartened by neglect
  And frightened at a frown.
What though a woman chide,
Her wrath will short abide.

To Displiant Lovers:

The god you little honour pay
  Who love only to disagree;
  Such worshippers should chainéd be,
And so in fetters stay,
Till wrath had passed away,
  When one might come and set you free.

  Fair are not always fair;
  Neither need maids despair,
For beauty hovers here and there
  Nor long abides:
Oft it comes to one unaware,
  And so resides.

The incredulous Fair; or, The vain Suit

DAMON: "Oh, be friends with me."
PHILLIS: "Sir, I will not look at you."
DAMON: "Oh, be friends with me."
PHILLIS: "That, Sir, I will never do."

DAMON: "I love you so."
PHILLIS; "I better know."
DAMON: "I love you so."
PHILLIS: "I better know."

DAMON: "You are a cruel, heartless fair."
PHILLIS: "You are a false, false deceiver."
DAMON: "You break a heart and nothing care."
PHILLIS: "You gain a maid's love, then leave her."

DAMON: "Upon my bended knees I go."
PHILLIS: "You may stay a month there too."
DAMON: "And humbly I sue Phillis so."
PHILLIS: "It shall nothing better you."

DAMON: "Then must I die."
PHILLIS: "Then I'll go cry."
DAMON: "Nay, nay, I'll die."
PHILLIS: "Then I'll go cry."

DAMON: "I love you so."
PHILLIS: "I better know."
DAMON: "I love you so."
PHILLIS: "I better know."

Battis and Thyrsis

THYRSIS: Love begins and ends with mirth,
As I met thee, I will part:
Kisses fetch what they are worth,
But ne'er the cost of a heart.

Roses many grow around:
The fairest maid, she is naught,
If she will not stand her ground,
Nor say, Ay, when she is caught.

Say it then, or let me go.
BATTIS: Sir, though you tease, I'll not:
THYRSIS: If maids are nice, men are too—
Witty e'er to fret a jot.

BATTIS: Good Sir, if else you won't stay—
THYRSIS: You have worn my patience through.
BATTIS: You ill-use me, but I'll say—
THYRSIS: What, miss? BATTIS: As you'll have me do.

Leave, idle Girl, these Fantasies

Leave, idle girl, these fantasies,
Of love thinking is a folly:
Such hopes not cherish who'd be wise,
Or thou fall to melancholy.
For shiftless Love begets a grief,
To which himself can't bring relief.

Dimpled cheeks and lowering eyes,
Anon a fresher added colour,
Tell tales: warm speeches and soft sighs
Render the account the fuller.
So ladies will, more cares to get,
Woo: yet love fed, doth love worse fret.

For all is false this world within,
That which by fraud does make us toil,
Our prize, the marvel we would win,
Anon is dead, and under soil.
So if you love, do it in sport,
As need for passion there is nought.

Do you think because you've Beauty

Do you think because you've beauty,
You're assured of love?
Love acknowledges no duty,
But as his heart move.
Like the wind blows
His liking goes.

Are you witty, and fancy so,
Love is at your beck,
To correct and chasten? No,
He does little reck.
As a child throws
Love's liking goes.

Are you kinder, self-advising
To take Love with care?
Woman's off'rings Love, naught prizing,
Scatters here and there.
As the wind blows
Love's liking goes.

I would not look on her again

I WOULD not look on her again,
For she gets love, and she is cold;
The beauty she has is heart's pain,
As a proud lady she's e'er told.
No, thought is free, I would be sane;
I would not look on her again.

She may be wonderfully fair,
And lusty, kindling love's desire;
Enough: where she 's I'll not go there,
To thrust myself into the fire.
She may be wonderfully fair,
The more of her will I beware.

Sonnets

I

This alien spirit sent me sad from the grove,
That my travelled feet had so longed to tread;
And those visions upon me, as I did rove,
As of a sweetheart kind, of the homestead,
I found fitted not. That another's love—
Was my old paramour: patience was dead,
And only with the wanderer constancy—
Abided. Time could not deface or blurr—
The graven image of the past to me;
But the flowers blossomed at another's care,
Their countenances other thoughts did bear,
As tender, but not those dear of memory:
So houses and gardens, lawns and greenery,
I learnt, fickle as any woman they be.

II

In heart's springtime, when I was young, I heard—
Much of love, and would listen all the day—
To men and maidens, of what each did say,
Making note : for to me Life's singing bird—
Was the one quest : only for that I cared,
To his green lodge to find the foot-worn way,
So I might sit and hear his carols gay :
And said I of each lover, "He has been
Into Love's land, and there has made his stay :
Its fairness his most favoured eyes have seen,
The tender song sung there his ears have heard ;
The dream that haunts that place his soul has stirred."
By the same sweet dream to be visited
I prayed : nor recked if after I were dead.

III

From dusty street fare folk in sultry hour,
And eager to some garden do repair,
Passing o'er grassy lawns, Time's long long care,
Through shaded avenues to lonely bower:
Where from trees garlands hang, to scent their hair
In perfume yielding blossoms' fragrant shower.
So flies my spirit from the rude highway,
Which treading on uneasily it did fare,—
To the garden of her love, and does leave—
Its woes, uttering no more, welladay;
Or plaint of weariness: one cannot grieve—
O'er roses; or melancholy be in May.
So taste of peace, quiet your panting heart,
There where is rest: from her side no more part.

IV

The passéd years met me, where I did rove,
Making midsummer of Life's business,
Vanity held: I, of care portionless,
Was fitting songs to thoughts as old as love,
Of fragrant flowers, passion, and idleness,
Airy dancers, that to light tread did move—
Around Youth circlewise, who them did bless.
While on me breathing in this fantasy,—
Heaped he his full of follies, which fondness—
From a higher, more noble reverie,
Sunk down my sluggish spirit. Hence was come—
These, Time's phantoms, forth from their guarded home;
Of old promise carrying remembrance,
To me arouse, where I did walk in trance.

Who hungers, who thirsts, who lacks Repose

Who hungers, who thirsts, who lacks repose ;
Who ill sleeps, to peace whose thoughts are foes ;
Who sighs for friends, and a taste of love ;
After what you want no farther rove.

For here peace is, stillness, ease, and rest,
And that passion, is th' heart's latest guest,
Finding solace in melancholy,
Here sways : no passion beside may be.

Nor tears, nor bitterness, nor sorrow ;
As is to-day will come to-morrow,
And the same will near and pass away,
Its placid hours repeating alway.

The Flowers are withered all away

The flowers are withered all away,
  Those I gathered yester-eve :
Now come to me and goodbye say,
  I of you must take my leave.

My love is still a fresh flower sweet,
  I am but a faded rose;
Straighten me out, and lay me neat—
  Neath the sod, there to repose.

And plant a willow, a willow, o'er my head,
  It shall drop on me a tear :
I'll think 'tis you weep o'er the dead ;
  While you'll have another dear.

Opens her Door the Earth

Opens her door the Earth,
  And lets Night go away
Unminded : and with mirth
  Admits the richer Day.

Arrayed in gallant wise
  He proudly forth has come,
For to pay her service
  From his star-garnished home.

But I with Night am gone
  To her quiet lone retreat :
There Time no course does run,
  The Hours, else severed, meet.

To the dead Youth Daphnis

Return to us no more, no more
We calling, venture back again
Lack favour we, we had before
Or didest thou thy liking feign ?
  And now thou'rt of that idle mood
  Quit: and love learned of solitude.

Sudden going thou us perplexed,
As it in thee did seem unkind;
Severance thy heart once much vexed,
Thou partings bore with bitter mind.
  This suddenness was newly shown
  That thou wert eager to be gone.

For grieving thou would'st wend away
After a parting long deferred
Ofttime in going thou would'st stay,
Seeking of us another word.
  Yet thou didst say but one "Farewell:"
  Nor didst wait us our love to tell.

TO THE DEAD YOUTH DAPHNIS

What fault is ours, that us before
No smile does on thy face appear.
How have we changéd, that no more
Thou makest joy that we be near?
Thou stretchest not for a caress,
Yet for thee is our love no less.

Patient's Song

When summer's richer herbs do flower;
And basking roses opened wide
With fragrant airs do fill their bower;
And all the creatures of the grove
The long days give to joy and love:
Then choose men women with to bide,
Then choose men women with to bide.

Then sweethearts true love vows do swear,
By founts, in meads, and under trees:
What passion's in them they declare;
And their fond fancies oft to tell,
Which though foreheard, are likéd well:
And ev'ry passing hour doth please,
And ev'ry passing hour doth please.

Then the satiric cuckoo's mute,
Nor lovers mocks by lane and lea;
No more doth he love's tale refute:
And men and maids to pleasures will
Without heed when the cuckoo's still.
And think fond doting wit to be
And think fond doting wit to be.

Enna's Song

Ye woodland flowers all in bloom,
You I'll cull and bear away
To bedeck a maid's bedroom:
No maid, when this is yesterday,
    Oh flowers,
    Night hours
Shall see me, as ye are, undone:
Raped sweets, your doom will be mine own.

Ye in part live in a tomb
I to earth must go some day;
Shortly spend ye your perfume
My little love shall breathe away.
    Fancies fly,
    Thoughts die,
And precious things are dross anon,
Full soon they go, and left be none.

"I to you send Celandine"

I to you send Celandine,
That come with early flowers;
Unto you I do resign
All my waking hours.
The young year's devices rare,
And fancies sweet of spring—
Take: and always thou shalt share
Dreams that night doth bring.

Speedwell, thou shalt send again,
To say, thou art as true:
This pledge made, we will maintain,
To keep faith our lives through.
And in loving fashion be
Pleasant e'er, and kind:
Sweetness, I know, is in thee;
In me thou shalt it find.

"Ye wooded Walks"

Ye wooded walks and leafy lanes,
  Lavish be of your delights,
While this plenteousness remains
  That earlier toil requites.

Flowers unto fullest beauty brought
  With this soft air perfumes blend;
By waiting winds your scents be caught
  That through vales shall slowly wend.

The grassy carpet of the glade,
  That the rigid boughs o'erhead
Pattern in chequered light and shade;
  Embrace those feet, which thee tread.

For shortly Winter shall release
  Storms of rain and windy gales:
Summer's calm airs and warmth shall cease;
  And mild nights in moonlit dales.

No joy anon will be to rove
  Through the flower discarded fields:
When all that's fair within the grove
  To Death's scythe cut meekly yields.

"Ladies admired"

Ladies admired and reverenced,
In hearts sweet intrusion make:
Come, come, love's season has commenced;
Kindest tokens give and take.

Girls, whose bright eyes, warm blushing cheeks,
Ripe red lips, make known Youth's time,
Happy employ the days and weeks:
Use in love the Summer's prime.

The rose her fragrance gives pell-mell;
So impulsive your sweets share:
Pleasures bestow, delight hearts well;
Laughter carry here and there.

For nothing nothing Age will show;
Winter's cold hand seizes all:
From healthy cheeks the bloom will go;
From fair heads the hair will fall.

Robin

"HELLO, Robin, thou glad swain."
"Herdsman, I do love again.

"Coming homeward with my sheep,
That I careful tend and keep;

"I did see a bonny lass,
Sleeping in the meadow grass.

"I sat down near where she lay;
And drew forth my pipe to play.

"On my pipe I smooth did blow—
A gentle melody, when lo,

"The maid opened her blue eyes,
And looked up with much surprise.

"When she saw me she did smile;
Her charms did my heart beguile.

"Now I have her company;
To sports goes my lass with me:

"To wakes and fairs, in which sights,
The fond countryman delights.

"To the woodland I her bring,
Where we walk, and hear birds sing."

The Road

A Catch

Hold hands, come with us along
While we chant a solemn song.
Ancient comrade, look for care,
Thou shalt find it ev'rywhere.

What is life if lived in fear?
Nought on earth is worth a tear.

Ere thou goest on thy bier,
Thou shalt tramp a many year.

Folk between the hedgerows pass,
There's a trim neat-pacing lass.
Thou goest not yet on thy bier,
Merry step out, comrade dear.

Ere thou goest on thy bier,
Thou shalt tramp a many year.

Sing until no breath thou hast:
Round, around, the health be passed.

Spurn, my foot, the clogging road;
A light heart makes light the load.
Ere thou goest on thy bier,
Thou shalt jolly foot it here.

Ere thou goest on thy bier,
Thou shalt tramp a many year.

Drink old customs, comrades here,
Harkaway, a lusty cheer.

Ere thou goest on thy bier,
Thou shalt tramp a many year.

Old times are dead,
Fancy, she is new wed;
  O bear away
These garlands of old flowers.
Sweep the cooled urn,
The ashes no more burn:
  Men praise to-day
New deities and powers.

The Leaf

Break off the yew, cull the holly,
Come with me, Melancholy:
Let us memorialize with tears
The abstracted and vanished years:
Thus they'll have cause to call the less
Us ingrate for forgetfulness.
Then we'll with spices fill the urns,
And while the sacred incense burns,
Shall through the smoke be seen again,
Passing between the portals twain
Of Day and Night, the spirits fine,
That with our fathers wrought divine
And mighty labour, and prepared
Such works, as we their sons have shared
The vantage of, careless taking
What they with patient toil did bring.
Felt Mother Earth with quickened sense
The season's kindly influence;
And oft her womb o'erteeming bore
The Gods' great plenty, and man's store;
Thereof was filled Pomona's bower
With juicy fruit and fragrant flower.

But not with such delights I'll stay
As make the wanton country gay.
Begone, Pomona, and Maia,
Hive-bee worshipped Flora,
And all the Graces, those except
That grieved when Mnemosyne wept
For sad recalling of the past,
That almost her gentle heart brast:
If of these be any, them let
With me to the Western Isles set.
Ah, welladay, what sights there be
For wistful eying memory.
Who thinks in present laughter's noise
Of long stilled mirth and ancient joys?
Far from the world in a darkened grove
Walks with her boy the Queen of Love.
Who chants her beauty in the wood?
But one nightingale, yet his flood
Of melody shall echo through
Far ways, as if winds helped it to.
Where the morose singer falters
By Beauty's neglected altars,
The Muses several do pass,
And Nymphs do come, and on the grass

Dance hand-in-hand ; beckoning they
To him that near does watch their play.
He wishes his still tongue would loose,
For otherwise he does not choose
To sing, and there he has no power.
Thereat he mourns the evil hour
That him did bring forth meritless :
So void of grace, that none was less
Than he fit to be worshipper
Of her who can have no compare
Yet shall he his vows o'er repeat,
And keep low station at her feet :
To her offer up sighs for songs,
Till the Goddess amend his wrongs.
To Venus, lighted up with love,
By some reflected him upon,
As an ash, dew drenched, takes the Sun,
These specks of light, him hers shall prove.
Thereat he shall carol a tale,
Like to that of the nightingale.
Who shuns the crowd, and goes alone
Among these woods almost unknown,
The good gods shall make him welcome.
Where the meek dryad has her home,

And the fawn passing looks surprise,
The fear of Phœbe in its eyes,
A gurgling voice shall catch his ear,
Though he vainly look to see her,
Who speaks, telling of mysteries,
Of Life, Death, which be God's fancies,
The substances of a day-dream,
That as the dreamer listeth seem.
Deep gloom is before the windy cave
Wherein loud Boreas doth rave.
O come, behold this flowery mead,
On which the sportive nymphs do tread
In a dance. Not those that circle
Within Venus' tabernacle,
To lutes low as the place's doves' call,
For here's more air of festival;
These are the spirits that attend
Great Pan's court. Whither oft does wend
Bacchus, beautiful as a girl,
With his panthers, and that old churl,
Silenus. Then oh! there's a sport
And high festivity, as if caught
Each had mirth's frenzy. For youth
Upon aged Time hath little ruth.

And their God joys to see them leap
Adown the green Sun-speckled steep,
And race with cries through the dim glades,
Till in the distance each voice fades.
Then they come together anon,
While sits their God his throne upon;
Him with chaplets of flowers they bind,
And kissing, round him roses wind;
While others make themselves a ring,
And in lewd dances wantoning,
Kill the hours with screams of laughter;
The Gods' joy no woe hath after,
And the sylvan deities play,
As can those whose life is holiday.
In the thick bosky grove below,
Where faintly the white limbs do show,
Of some nymph hidden in a nook,
And faces that like masks do look,
Push from their eyes their tangled hair,
And lift their goat-horns at us to stare,
Hermes stands scornfully alone,
O'er a tall pedestal of stone,
A carven head, whose aspect tells
The utterer of oracles.

Who'll leave this quiet retreat, and go
Back to them that nothing know?
For in their minds no thought remains
But to their Goddess appertains;
That she whom alone worship they,
Whose altar in a temple gày,
They pray before eternally:
Fortune, whose arch-priest is Folly.
Oh! fair, fair goddess of my heart,
Ne'er suffered I of thee such smart,
As tigrish Fortune would bestow,
Did I to her a wooing go;
Cruel, yet more gentle than she.
Heart-easing plaint of misery,
Tears are sweetener of sorrow:
Hope makes happier to-morrow.
As the Sun o'er the hill sinks red,
And maids from milking homeward tread,
The wife looks forth her lord to greet,
While the long table's set with meat,
Sweet fare heaped upon the dishes;
And each takes what each one wishes.
There a lad creeps by the stair,
To catch his dear ere she be 'ware;

Then is scuffling, and kisses ravished,
For as gained, so is love lavished,
And as by passion it is got,
So in passion escapes, I wot.
And in heart palpitating joy
It loosens; as 'tis its annoy
To be cramped up and bound at home,
And ne'er have the favour to roam
After that treasure its mistress holds,
With so cruel spite. Oh! who beholds
Beauty, and on beholding, loves,
And yet to 's prayer, the fair ne'er moves,
Of all is most miserable.
As with another who is able
His heart's desire to win over,
No joy is like that of such lover.
And who sees, going o'er the past,
Many meek lovers overcast,
And suffring dissolution quite
Out of despair and the despite
Of vain waiting through the long years,
For very pity is brought to tears;
And prays all gentle Goddesses
With better fortune lovers to bless.

In July

In July, when the poppies come,
And heavy bees with drowsy hum
By ones and twos to the hive wend,
And flowers their scents abroad send;
The placid sheep browse on the hill,
And all is quiet and all is still;
Till passing Zephyrus the leaves shakes,
Thereat the slumberer awakes,
And gazes at the boughs swaying
O'er his head, till the wind allaying,
He is soothed to sleep again,
And fancy lingers where she is feign:
What dreams enchant the spirits wild
Of passion craving love. Thoughts mild
Succeed to spirits' turbulence,
The ache of conscious impotence,
The dull world of a lonely life,
Where all is hunger, grief, and strife;
And our fellows seem as we,
Poor prisoners in misery.

Hail, bounteous Imagination,
That gorgeous phantoms raise,
And bright visions in the gloom
Of this shelf above the tomb;
Whereon we sit, and cower, and weep
The darkness, and our horror deep
Of our living and our dying,
Making sad notes with our outcrying.
Till suddenly we cease to be;
Life has forgot us, as it we.
Thereat the other captives shake,
And with death's fear begin to quake.
For howe'er dreadful life, they wot,
To be dead is the worse lot.
Oh, thoughts malign; the eyes unclose,
There is Poesy as she goes:
Her idle sorrow that she feigned,
Now a fresh fancy wit has gained,
Changes to as idle merriment,
Of blithe laughter and licence blent.
Under the shadows, where doth appear
Shapes, as in dreams loose, let me hear
Music, pleasing swift-thoughted love.
For both are like in that they rove

Far, and all things can compass,
Ere Time turn o'er his hour-glass.
From soft notes of grief to chords
Whose sound with heart's delight accords.
So we weep, wring hands, and sigh,
To laugh like children by-and-by.
Letting the quick-pulsed music live,
Till the rapture grows oppressive,
Then it shall die. Not yet, not yet:
We'll with our moods play, nor forget
The last, to have it the present stain,
Sweetening with memory of pain
Joy's cup. Luxurious Fancy
Would have book complete her romancy.
Travellers through the forest way
Singing a joyous roundelay,
That makes the squirrel start in fright,
And tremble, and hold his nut tight:
And the fearful heron fly.
Who gazes that way will espy
A lover, full of wit and grace,
Watching the looks on his lady's face,
As he and she sit in the shade.
Then sudden appears in the glade

A huntsman on a horse a-rear,
His eyes searching for a red deer.
Sharply he peers right and left,
Angry to be of his prey bereft:
For the stag has hid away,
That he chased from break of day.
Afar the folk go up the hill,
Carrying their corn to the mill.
While in the courtyard of the inn
The ent'ring guests make merry din.
Others at tables on the grass
Sit, and round the healths do pass;
And speak of wars in their fathers' day,
Their own time of feasts and bridals gay.
Such visions move before the eyes,
Hearing the pleasant melodies;
And is seen the secret heart
Of these beings, its joy and smart,
What they desire and what they fear,
All is shown in manner clear.
Till Fancy almost 'gins to dread
That power, whom her doth helpless lead;
Sprung of Apollo, Muse divine,
As Jupiter's high thoughts, sublime.

There let it end. But when doth tease
Fortune my heart, to me best please,
Bring me a score, that may I,
With voice, or strainéd lute, or pipe,
Restore by music's wisdom ripe
My fugitive serenity.

Hyades

Fall heavy showers and floods,
That with thick vapour fill the woods ;
The glades conceal in haze,
Drenching the air with sprays.
The trees cannot sustain
Their provender of rain ;
From weighted branches drooping low
The water gusheth evermo'.
And under fountains make,
Which ever wider bounds do take.
The soaken herbs are glossed with dew,
The leaves put on an ashen hue,
The half-closed hanging flowers
Bear tapestries of showers.
The turned clods of the field
To air a subtle essence yield.
The dampened soil lets forth a breath
Like comes from tombs and holes of death,

Telling of mortality and death's decay.
Yet skilful Death doth Life array,
And new shaped garments fitteth on,
A servant waiting him upon.
When appears the form of youth
'Tis Death who doth send it forth;
From that one's dark, foul home
Hath the bright beauty come,
What is so fresh and sweet.
The tale is made complete,
And in an hour hath passéd all
That ever doth befall:
The which repeated o'er and o'er
Filleth up life, its store.
In manner such doth Time employ
All, to want, or to enjoy.
Few changes can ourselves assume,
Confinéd in a narrow room.
Nature speaketh with double voice,
The same word maketh one rejoice,
Another weep: what now gives joy
To-morrow doth the like annoy
That which is esteeméd pleasure
Soon, than later, marreth leisure.

But while new ne'er is less the bliss,
For nature's perfect artifice
Hides the real in the sembling,
And all is profound dissembling,
Before the hour no one grieveth,
But what is feigned true believeth.
E'en moves the mind in secret way,
Nor to divulge her knowledge may:
The heart must lust, the will impel,
Though all might be forecasted well:
As the occasion doth arise,
A shadow falleth 'fore the eyes,
Thenceforth the most discerning be
As blind as they who never see.
The comely mask deceiveth all,
And leadeth them to their downfall.
No more, but wait what comes anon,
Which shall reveal that now is done.
The storm doth turn its course,
And holds elsewhere its force;
The birds 'gin anew their choral;
And near the bustling maids each call,
To haste away: their robes tucked up,
They scantly run unto the brook.

The splashing drops, the sodden ground,
The softer misty air around,
Sucken the herbs; let us pluck forth
The flood's garner, the lushy swath,
The milder cresses cull
And heap our baskets full.

The Lady on her Defence

I saw a gentle knight reclining in a nook,
Resting from the summer heat, by a babbling brook:
As piped the birds above, did he lament his love
So sad, my heart melted, as I at him did look.

"Sir," I said, "here is a maid, that would ask of you
What torment you endure, that doth afflict you so?"
The knight along the ground lay like one that had swound.
And as I nigh did go, he hid his face the mo'.

And said, "Ah!" and sighed full oft, until 'twas pity,
Yet he, my fey, no courage had to answer me

Nor, sooth, durst he disclose the secret of his
woes,
Lest I should laugh out, and he my mockery be.

"Sir," I said, "I will not laugh, that I promise
you,
But will keep my counsel, telling to none nor few,
Whate'er you tell to me I will keep it privie:
Therefore my heart acquaint with what doth
make you rue.

"For with fear already my heart hath chillen
grown;
My tears fall fast my cheeks adown, as I hear
you moan;
Of what kind your pain be, though I guess it,
perdy,
Yet, an' you tell, listen I will, still as a stone."

Then said he, "A woman you be, as you do say,
And, as a woman, to no promise you will stay;
But at me will 'gin fleer as soon as you do
hear,
If I tell you ought; for such be woman's way.

"For by ways nice men to entice con women
night and day,
And sweet words learn by rote, with wheedling
mouth to say;
Yet speeches soft and smiles, they be these
tyrants' wiles,
And when gained in their power, for man's
worth nought care they,

"But each skills her mind new cruelties to devise,
With end to give him suffering who chained
before her lies;
So she will him caress that with the more
hardness
She may treat him, that still to do her honour
tries.

"All her wicked cunning is aimed at his dismay,
As 'tis all her thought and longing to him be-
tray;
And such wanton treach'ry she counts great
vict'ry,
If she can so beguile him that by her he must
stay.

"And honest truthful love she treateth it with scorn,
Nay, is the more spiteful, the more patient she is borne;
And as the more of pain, more doth it entertain,
So the more she joys as her lover's heart is torn.

"And the more piteously her lover doth complain,
The more pleasure hath she in showing her disdain.
So this is the occasion, to avoid all women,
So one may go safe where and whither one is feign.

"And who you be, by parity, one of such a sort,
What may I have of you, if I with you consort?
Telling you what you please, for which you will me tease,
I wot now, to escape best, I will tell you naught."

"Sir knight, I reason well, there is no other man
That will speak so discourteously of woman,

Nor such anger of her nourish as you do bear ;
The which was wrong would I show if I speaken can.

" For telling of woman's scorn, wherewith you her blame,
Had she not that action 'twere a most foul shame ;
For against them to use that mean her to abuse
In their vile thought's manner, or spoil her of her fame.

" And sooth, she who ne'er shows scorn, if she be so meek,
Perdy herself will be scorned, and 'tis truth I speak.
For an' we hold ourselves not from you too close, I wot,
Ye'll learn such lessons of us, ye'll us no more seek.

" You may affirm of her who ne'er displays disdain
This, that she hath nothing of which she may be vain ;

Also such poor spirit will bring her discredit,
As men from meek ones to be scorned will go again.

"For want of scorning to be scorned, it is the worst,
And thus to act the tyrant often we are forced:
For if we did not so, we can say, ye would do,
So when kindness serves not well, wise 'tis to be curst.

"Also you speak as you recked naught for chastity,
That be woman's treasure, the which if guard not she
By all ways that she can from the assaults of man,
She will, I wot, fare ill, nor have but scant pity.

"And if she be induced to shifts, as you assert,
'Tis for her safety, who would likely to be hurt,
Being so weak, if she did not use strategy;
And scheme in her undefence her foe to divert.

"Therefore if she perdy be led unto deception,
Though she 's loathe, she must, if there's naught
else to be done
Something she must conceal, if she wot, to
reveal
Will give him all the vantage, that would have
her undone.

"And since it skills me, you do mean but one
woman,
Though you speak of many; that is, your loved
leman,
Who will not act towards you as you would have
her do,
I wot, she treats you as she think it best she can."

Thereat the knight replied, "I am no such
lover
As would think in mind to do a mischief to
her;
Nor of me can she doubt. The very truth is
out;
She doth all in idleness, nor hath any care.

" For women take delight their lovers to offend ;
And the more they ill-treat them the more they
be tend ;
Also for deception they reck not occasion
If any be, for falseness in their blood doth
blend."

" Sir," I said, " if you be as true as you avow,
Can you not imagine women be likewise so ?
And sooth, 'tis more common to find truth in
women
Than men, who've the serpent's wiles, and more
cunning know.

" Thereof mark you this, if in you she doth de-
light,
For man's knowledge, your lady will misdoubt
her own sight ;
Nor dare she trust it is, as it may be, I wis,
For were it not, and you not true, sore would be
her plight.

" For of man's perfidy she may hear many tales,
And of false villainy, until her cheeks' blood
pales ;

That such badness can be, and such subtlety,
That are brought against her, whene'er man her
assails.

" Therefore marvel not at all, if she timid be
To let herself believe you ; ah, 'tis misery
Women have no knowledge to test what men
allege,
False to tell from true, thus e'er fear what they
do see.

" And though she may love you, as you her, and
alway
Will, as truly and well, her heart she will gain-
say,
It to be outspoken, lest be held as token
Of forwardness, which is woman's dread man to
say.

" And the more she love you the more she will it
dread,
That out of lover's mouth such thing of her be
said :

For women be fearful most when their heart is full,
As woman's heart is more treach'rous e'en than man's head.

"This is the point, that often women come to shame
For following their heart's fancy that was to blame,
Telling them they were loved, when it contrary proved;
Sooth, 'twixt your tongues and our hearts truth hath no name.

"Thus it may be, what of her you maketh mention,
Calling it her cruelty, is her wit's invention;
So: to hold you aloof your love to put to proof,
That love which to study now gives she all attention.

"For in twenty perils, and woman hath far more,
It behoveth to be discreet, the most therefore,
That we by nature be impulsive and unruly;
Nor to tell the right from wrong have we any lore.

"Thereby to revile us, it be great wickedness
In lovers to call us hard names and such foulness
For doing as we do, when if we did not so
We might be discomforted, nor have aught redress."

The knight that had listened did thus reply to this :
"Madame, what you have spoken may not be amiss,
What you of my love tell, that her conduct is well :
I thank you for it : though the same rob me of much bliss.

"But had once your eyes seen her, who hath no compare,
Whose beauty maketh all as foul, being so fair,
You would think not folly that no patience have I,
But die quick, because she no favour to me bear.

"So let her be as she is, though I die of torment
If such be her will, to suffer I am content :

I will faithfully love, though she so cruel prove,
Nor e'en blame her for scorn, though it I may lament.

"And for you who be a maid walking in this place!
Where the birds sweetly pipe, if you have any grace
To me, grant me one thing, for which I have longing,
Now I espy you, to draw the veil from 'fore your face."

"Nay, sir, I that be a maid walking in this place,
I beg and pray of you, if you have any grace,
And are a true, right knight, that would no lady spite,
You will not try to draw the veil from 'fore my face."

Yet speak I as I might, he would not be gainsaid,
But straight pulled it from me, that was like death afraid.
And there is the story, I was the proud lady,
He the knight that of me such bitterness had said.

So I say to woman, if you your love offend,
And he at you 'gin railing, let him his words mend;
Thereof give him reason, that you right have done,
As women are best judges of what to them doth tend.

Although by right, ye must not show great cruelty,
As do brazen women, who more like tigers be:
But be amenable, and kind and peaceable,
And gracious in th' end, when sued you are for pity.

LONDON
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON LD.
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